

Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL
Publisher

REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1964

Vice Gets a Break

A grubby little charge of prostitution in San Francisco has turned out to be a law enforcement bombshell that might well blow police vice fighting methods right out of the water.

Citing a "very clear" U.S. Supreme Court ruling that "entry to premises obtained by trickery, stealth or subterfuge renders search and seizure invalid," a municipal judge threw out of court the city's case against two women arrested by a police officer posing as a potential customer. The policeman had given a false name in order to gain entry and the ensuing arrests, held the judge, were therefore illegal. In view of the High Court's finding, it is difficult to see how the judge could have acted differently.

This Supreme Court policy is just one more in a developing interpretation of the law in favor of the personal rights of suspected criminals. Those rights must be protected, of course. But so must the interests of society. If law enforcement officers are going to be deprived more and more of what most of us would consider legitimate weaponry of their profession—the right to undercover investigation—then only the illegitimate professions will benefit.

What is the answer? It lies with the judiciary or the legislatures, including Congress. Certainly a painstaking study of law enforcement and individual rights should be made on the highest level; and a sound, workable philosophy enunciated.

It's Mother's Day Again

No, we know this isn't the time of year when we observe Mother's Day, yet we have a strong hunch that if mothers cared to speak out about it they'd vote for the first day of school as their REAL day.

Vacation is over. The projects and problems, the joys and the sorrows, the energies and the laziness, the ennui and the enthusiasms of summer are once again past and gone. Young minds and emotions once again are delegated to the tender ministrations of those ever-patient, wise and dedicated angels of maternal mercy known as teachers.

The reluctant schoolboy may drag his feet enroute to the temples of learning for a while, but he'll get over it. Mother'll never get over the joy of resting her vacation-weary bones for a good part of every day. Good old school days!

Opinions of Others

"Not until election time does the American citizenry divide, one taking one path, one another. Then, and virtually only then, does one ponder, 'Wonder which way he votes?' as a neighbor walks down the street... Just the same, one does not cease patronizing the grocer because he votes Republican, you vote Democratic. One does not cut his good neighbor off with a sneer because the voting choice differs. Democrats sit next to Republicans as usual in church and worship continues as if there were no election..." — St. Clair (Mo.) Chronicle.

"Extremism in defense of Liberty" was used by Lincoln in the Civil War; by Wilson in World War I; by Roosevelt in World War II; by Truman in Korea and by Eisenhower in Lebanon. To a lesser degree it is being used by Rockefeller in Rochester... when he called out the National Guard to control the rioting. It was used by Coolidge during the Police Strike in Boston. No one could possibly have called these men "Extremists" in a derogatory sense. They had no other choice. Why, therefore, should Senator Goldwater be criticized for stating this as a fundamental principle of the Government of the United States? Would anyone rather he promised to stand back and twiddle his thumbs if our Liberty should be endangered? — Wald-boro (Me.) Press.

"BUT HOW ABOUT YOU?"



NEWS NOTE: Agencies that demand information from business are opposing legislation requiring them to tell of their own activities.



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Machine Tool Potentials Index a Nation's Might

A few centuries ago there were no machine tools excepting looms and grist mills which happened to be run by water power. Men had thousands of different tools, some looking quaint to us, but they were manually operated.

Today the measure of a nation's industrial power is capacity (or potential) to produce machine tools.

Most of the things in and about our houses and factories were made by machine tools. There are machine tool-peoples: Americans, British, French, Belgians, Germans, Swedes, Russians, and Japanese. These produce a large part of the tools on which the world's industry is founded and functions.

Many machine tools, bulky and expensive, are not familiar to us unless we are in industry, and then we know only those we use. Industry divides tools into two main categories: cutting and forming.

Modern industry has the secret of perpetual reproduction in tools or just machines, like automobiles or refrigerators.

The machine tool may be a lathe or a gear-cutter, or it may drill or stamp or press metal or plastics. Advertisements in trade journals show us these ungainly objects by the hundreds, and their type-names only give us a meager clue to their uses. They may cost from \$5,000 to \$50,000 or more.

This year the United States is producing about \$1.5 billion in tools about nine-tenths for domestic use. In seven months of this year we have turned out \$588 million in cutting tools, \$262 million in forming tools. This is up about 25 per cent from the same period last year.

The rich grow richer and the poor grow poorer in machine tools. The United States and the nations of

western Europe are self-sufficient in tools and have a moderate export, because the backward regions are a thin market, being low in cash and industry.

As would be expected the Japanese, having reached saturation in machine production (electronics or ships), are now turning to machine tools. In two years they have cut sharply into the European market, and total export is expected to reach \$20 million this year. But Japan has no rivals in the Far East. Here is a vast though scattered market producing almost no machine tools for itself, and the Japanese can easily undersell the West.

For machine tools, the organization of trained technicians, research, raw material supply and markets is an exceedingly slow and complex process, but when a nation can make its own machine tools it is on the way.

BOOKS by William Hogan

'The Tale of Genji' Is Still Reading Delight

Things were simpler when we were younger. Asked "What's your favorite book?" we had a ready reply. A little later the answer became another question, "fiction or non-fiction?" and before long the query brought forth a card catalog of answers, by subject and author, until whoever asked was sorry he had.

Yet nearly everyone does have special favorites. Some of these books that are important less for themselves than because they were read in a magic, unrecapturable time. (We learn this, sadly, only when trying to reread them.) Fortunately there are others too, those which have the capacity for maturing while we age.

One of these, a long-time unadmitted favorite of this reviewer, has been the huge, majestic Japanese novel "The Tale of Genji." Unadmitted because Genji, a product of the 11th Century, is often called the world's first novel, and an expression of preference in this case seems to imply that the novel form hasn't done too well in the centuries since. Then, too, Genji was written by a woman.

Actually two great literary works date from the Heian period, and both were authored by women. Lady Murasaki, in attendance at the court of the Emperor of

Kyoto, wrote "The Tale of Genji" while Sei Shonagon, a noblewoman in the service of the Empress, is known for her lively "Pillow Book." As remarkable as the two works are, being focused almost entirely on the court class, the picture they paint of Heian life and times is partial.

In an exceptionally fine non-fiction book just published, "The World of the Shining Prince," Ivan Morris unfolds the rest of the scroll. Morris, best known as one of the few good Japanese-English fiction translators, also proves to be an able biographer of an era. Setting the mood, he writes: "For us who inhabit a planet which, at least so far as communications are concerned, has become a single unit, it requires a real effort of the imagination to picture a state of affairs in which men in most parts of the world linger in a state of cultural obscurity, absorbed almost entirely in the brute struggle for survival and power, while here and there, often on widely separated points of the globe, civilizations shine or flicker like ships' lights on a dark ocean. Yet so it has been during a great part of human history. So it was one thousand years ago."

It was a remarkable world as Morris recreates it, brilliantly lit but with dark, spreading shadows, almost totally self-contained, so insular that the hero of one tale in sailing from Japan to China managed to get shipwrecked on the shores of Persia. It is a tribute to the author's talent that he doesn't exhaust his reader's interest but increases it.

For those who haven't lived and loved, fought, suffered, and dreamed with Prince Genji, Japan's King Arthur, the Arthur Waley translation of "The Tale of Genji" is available in a two-volume set published by Houghton Mifflin, or in a one-volume Modern Library Giant.

"It was about half romantic adventure and half misery," — CLAYTON WARD, L. A. after 8-month foreign scooter trip.

"The Supreme Court legislature reapportionment ruling has usurped a constitutional right of the states and has nullified the intent of the founding fathers." — CYRIL W. ANDERSON, M. D., Thousand Oaks.

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplane

Send a Lighter Along as Hotels Have No Matches

"I would like to give my boyfriend something practical for his trip to Europe."

A lighter if he hasn't got one. A Zippo is most practical. Get the cheapest one and let him buy one of those Florentine engraved cases for it. He'll find them in Italy and another type in Germany. European hotels and restaurants do not pass out free matches like we do.

And don't get one of those lighters made partly of glass so you can see the reserve of lighter fluid splashing around. This reserve sometimes leaks at high altitudes. A friend of mine set himself on fire with one.

If our son bicycles in Europe, can you suggest which kind of bike we should get for him?"

Friend of mine who has just biked four months in France says the best is a Peugeot. Same as the French car. The advantage is they have agencies and repair shops all over France. He's equipped with Alpine gears.

"Should we carry a coffee maker in Mexico? We do like an early cup of coffee if restaurants aren't open."

I'd say one of those cheap heating coils, cups and instant coffee would be handy. (I carry dried soup mix, too.) However, you don't have trouble getting early coffee in Mexico. Go down to the town market as early as 4 a.m. and you'll find a lively, colorful bedlam with rich, black coffee in a number of stalls. Try the whipped chocolate, too.

And watch out handling that heating coil! Don't handle the metal part while it's plugged in or put your fingers in the water or you are Dundee.

Be sure to take a pen-size flashlight. At night, Mexican rooms are full of booby traps. There's usually a step up or down in the bathroom, for example. Forget about that and—crash!

"You mentioned a place in Austria's ski country where you can sit all night, listen to music and only have to drink a 15-cent glass of wine."

Every town has a place like this. The place I was recalling is Rosanna's, across from the Hotel Post, in St. Anton. Gemutlich as all get out.

"Is there some ceremony to the way they drink tequila in Mexico? We are giving a Mexican party..."

Pour the tequila in a one-ounce (or two-ounce) glass. Cut a lemon in wedges. Take the wedge between left thumb and forefinger. Pour a little salt in the fold of skin between thumb and finger. Now—lick the salt. Drink the tequila. Suck the lemon.

"Is there a Japanese food dictionary so we could read menus? We have reservations at the Okura during the Olympics."

You surely won't need translation at the plush Okura. Menus are in English and everybody speaks English. At Japanese restaurants, I don't see how you could get a translation since the menu is written in Japanese characters. And third, I never saw such a dictionary.

If you are going to a place where they don't speak English, better get the desk

clerk to call ahead and order your dinner. The book shop in the lower deck arcade of the Okura is loaded with helpful books on Japan. You could look in there and see what you find.

"Will we find any language problem when we go on to Hong Kong?"

None. I've never even learned "good morning" in Cantonese. Usually, you pick up some words in a country. But Hong Kong is so thoroughly English, you just don't get any Cantonese.

"We thought of going on to Guatemala and do not know whether to stay in Guatemala City. Friends have suggested Antigua."

Make it Antigua—the old capital. I never could get with Guatemala City.

"Would it be worthwhile to go on to Tegucigalpa, Honduras?"

Some friends of mine loved it. But you couldn't drive me in there again with a pistol. For me, no color, no nothing. Sorry.

OUR MAN by Arthur Hoppe

A Close Race, Agency-Wise

The historic 1964 campaign for the Presidency of the United States, on which the fate of mankind hinges, is now officially underway. Both Madison Avenue ad agencies involved have fired their opening 30-second tee-vee salvos.

As you undoubtedly know, the contenders this year are Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc., which is building a candidate called "L.B.J.," and Erwin Wasey, Ruthrauff & Ryan, Inc., which is promoting a product named "Goldwater."

Between them, the two are expected to spend more than \$10 million selling the public—almost one third the ad budget of the leading soda pop manufacturer and as much as many makers of chewing gum. Which just shows how important the American Presidency is becoming.

Naturally, in keeping with modern advertising techniques, neither firm is saying anything good about its product nor anything bad about its competitor's. Not directly. No, thanks to motivational research, subliminal perception and consumer psychology studies, brutally frank statements are scrupulously avoided. And the message is put across by innuendo. Which, I feel needs explaining.

Take one of the dramatic, hard-hitting tee-vee spots of Doyle Dane Bernbach's campaign for L.B.J. A telephone is ringing. A man's hand picks up the receiver. The announcer asks you: "Who (sic) do you want answering the phone when Khrushchev calls?"

Now, clearly, you will hope it isn't one of the children. You know how they louse up messages: "Some man called, Daddy, and was he ever mad about something and you better call him back right away only the dog ate up his number. 'So this is a strong pitch for L.B.J. Because he's a grownup and has a better chance of getting the message straight."

Erwin Wasey, Ruthrauff & Ryan, Inc. are striking back hard for Goldwater with the theme slogan of their campaign: "In your heart, you know he's right." At first glance this tends to raise some questions. Such as: "How far right?" Moreover, it would seem to imply that in your heart, you know he's wrong.

But actually surveys show that most consumers think with their hearts anyway, except a small percentage who think with their stomachs. Additionally, motivational research proves the slogan has great appeal to the White backlash, Negro frontlash, and Oriental sidelash. Further, it brings up the whole subject of hearts. And L.B.J.'s is certainly suspect. Medically speaking.

Thus, even from this brief summary you can see we're in for an all-out, through-provoking campaign. For, personally, I find nothing more thought-provoking than modern advertising techniques. Every ad provokes you into trying to think of what on earth they're so cretely trying to provoke you into thinking. And there's nothing more provoking than that.

Of course, with the fate of man hanging in the balance, I do worry that \$10 million isn't enough. For as long as the Presidency's decided these days by the number of billboards, spots and jingles we consumers are bombarded with, I say this nation's in grave danger, of being led for the next four years by a bottle of soda pop.

Morning Report:

I figure Ambassador Maxwell Taylor flew 9,700 miles back from Saigon to report to President Johnson because it was cheaper to fly than tell him the story by long-distance telephone.

South Vietnam has it tough. A few years out of a revolutionary war against France, the country is in the midst of a religious war between Buddhists and Catholics, a civil war with native Communists, and at least half of a foreign war with North Vietnam. In addition, the top general has piles.

If all this wasn't enough, the country's ills are a campaign issue in the American presidential election. And that could be the most painful blow of all.

Abe Mellinkoff

We Quote...

"It was about half romantic adventure and half misery." — CLAYTON WARD, L. A. after 8-month foreign scooter trip.

"How nice it would be if the nations who owe the U.S. billions would spend as much time figuring out how to repay us as they do trying to tell us how to run our country." — DOROTHY L. HAYDEN, L. A.

"If the new civil rights law forces employers to hire the unqualified, it should never have been passed." — DAVID M. ULRICH, Lincoln.